

# The Weekly Sentinel.

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VERNON W. LONG,  
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A NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NORTH CAROLINA PEOPLE, IN THE STATE AND OUT.  
WINSTON-SALEM, FORSYTH COUNTY, N. C., JULY 7, 1887.

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WISHES a clean shave at least twice a week  
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is the place! His towels are clean, his razors  
are sharp and he can please you. Call him on.  
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Repairing and Horse Shoeing!

Dray building a specialty.  
C. T. NELSON, late of  
Lynchburg, Va., Charlotte, N. C.  
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## NEW BUTCHER SHOP.

On or about 9th St. the undersigned will open  
a new butcher shop on Third street near  
Liberty, in the old Hotel A.  
I propose to keep a full supply at all times  
of fresh meats, including choice beef, sausage,  
pork and mutton, and eggs.

I will give my personal attention to all or-  
ders and see that same are carefully attended  
to. Meats delivered promptly free of charge.  
I respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.  
Oct. 7-47.

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Shelled, Most Durable, Economical and  
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## THRESHING ENGINES AND HORSE POWERS, Saw Mills and Standard Implements generally. Send for illustrated catalogue.

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June 23-1m.

## Mt. Airy Male Academy.

THE EXERCISES of this institution, in  
charge of the principal, will begin Monday,  
January 2nd, 1887.

Rate of Tuition from \$10 to \$15 per session  
of five months, or twenty weeks. Board \$10 to  
\$12 per month. All non-scholarship pupils will  
be required to pay from date of entrance to the  
close of the session, protracted sickness only  
excepted. The standard of instruction and dis-  
cipline shall be second to none in the State;  
and the teacher will make a strenuous effort  
to establish such a school as shall be credit-  
able to the town and to his profession.

50-47.  
EDWARD PAYSON HALL.

## H. MONTAGUE, Professional Attorney, REAL ESTATE BROKER,

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COLLECT RENT, prepare land papers  
pay notes, mortgages, judgments, county  
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good security—and assume the general man-  
agement of estates.

NO SALE, NO CHARGES.  
BEST REFERENCES. Jan 27-17

## BIG DAY FOR CHARLOTTE

A MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE  
LADIES OF CHARLOTTE

To the Confederate Dead Unveiled—  
Senator Vance Delivers the Address.  
Military Display—Immense Crowd.

The Chronicle gives its readers a  
cut of the memorial shaft unveiled  
in Charlotte on June 31st, together  
with a full report of proceedings.

We take the liberty to condense from  
its excellent report.

The monument was unveiled with  
appropriate ceremonies, under a pro-  
gramme arranged by the ladies of the  
Memorial Association, and the  
ceremonies were witnessed by per-  
haps the largest throng of people  
ever assembled in Elmwood.

The procession was formed in the yard  
of the First Presbyterian church,  
at five o'clock, p. m., by Captain  
Harrison Watts and his aides, and  
took up the march to the cemetery.

Leading the procession was the  
noble company of veterans, some  
with one leg, others with one arm,  
others with an eye gone, and nearly  
all bearing the marks of well fought  
battles. Each veteran wore a badge  
of mourning on the left arm, and in  
half a dozen cases the badges, through  
force of circumstances, were pinned  
to empty sleeves. Gen. Thos. F. Drayton,  
who had been selected to lead the veterans,  
was confined to his bed by sickness, and  
Brigadier-General Rufus Barringer  
was assigned to the command.

Upon arriving at the cemetery, the  
veterans, the military and the firemen  
drew up around the shrouded  
monument, and the exercises were  
opened with prayer by Rev. (Col.)  
E. A. Osborne.

At the conclusion of the prayer  
the drapery was drawn from the  
monument by Misses Connie Jones,  
Mary Grier, Mary Armond Nash  
and Julia Alexander. The great  
throng then repaired to the speaker's  
stand, where the beautiful ode, com-  
posed by Mrs. B. L. Dewey, of this  
city, was read by Col. H. C. Jones.

During the reading of the ode  
many eyes were suffused with tears.

"Following the reading of the ode  
came the reading of the roll of honor,  
and then Senator Vance was intro-  
duced by Capt. Watts. Senator  
Vance, in addressing the audience  
said:

[We regret that we have space for  
only a few extracts from Senator  
Vance's address in SENTINEL.]

Last December, by special invita-  
tion, I delivered an address upon "The  
South in the War," in Boston. I vin-  
dicated the Southern view, justified  
our cause, eulogized our leaders and  
people, placed the blame upon the  
North, and in all respects, talked to  
that Boston audience pretty much as  
I do here at home. I was applauded  
to the echo. On my return, I was ex-  
pressing to Senator Dawes, of that  
State, my surprise and gratification at  
this reception of my speech. "Of  
course they were pleased," said he,  
"our people have no more use for a  
sneak than yours." And he spoke  
truly. All noble natures love candor,  
and all natures, noble or otherwise, re-  
spect it. He who acts upon a differ-  
ent supposition makes a grievous mis-  
take.

RENEGADES.

But whilst there have been some  
who have thus abused themselves and  
brought disgrace upon their country  
and its noble sons, I am happy to  
know that the great body of the South-  
ern people have been true to their  
honest and manly instincts, and have  
felt no shame, either in doing honor to  
the memory of the soldiers of that  
war, or in vindicating the principles  
for which it was waged. Especially is  
it a glorious truth that there has been  
no abjection among our Southern wo-  
men. Thanks be to God who has so  
formed the female heart to the hono-  
ring of courage and manhood, and so  
imbued it with the spirit of constancy  
to the objects of its love! It is every-  
where acknowledged that the pure  
teaching and example of woman are  
the chief supports of morality in so-  
ciety, and I believe to-day with all my  
heart, that they have been the chief  
cause of our not falling abjectly into  
the pit of self-abasement which the  
spirit of prudential greedily cowardice  
had dug for us.

The day of complete vindication  
and absolute freedom from the dross  
of circumstances is rapidly approach-  
ing. Sectional bitterness is passing  
away; reason and good fellowship are  
coming back, hand in hand. Peace,  
with all which that means, is dwelling  
with us. For many long and weary  
years, the struggle of our people for  
their liberties, was complicated with  
the daily struggle for bread as well.  
That, too, is passing. For near a quar-  
ter of a century we have been too hard  
pressed to give food to the living to  
be able to give marble to the dead.  
But let no one suppose they were for-  
gotten.

A TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Their memories could not perish  
whilst a single Southern woman lived  
who had a kinsman or friend in the  
ranks of that gallant, outnumbered

## army. They have only waited until their means should furnish the oppor- tunity of showing, by the only way left us, that if unfortunate, we are not ungrateful, or unloving. All over the land these commemorative shafts are rising, and not one shimmers in the soft Southern sunlight that does not tell a story of woman's devotion to courage and honor. Well may we re- joice in the unveiling of this one to-day.

The heart of every citizen of North  
Carolina should feel an honest pride  
in contemplating the spectacle of this  
grand old county thus doing honor to  
the memory of her dead children, her  
warrior sons. What could be more  
fitting than these ceremonies. The  
old Mother, Mecklenburg, erecting a  
Monument to her heroic progeny who,  
having died in distant battle-fields,  
she now welcomes back to their dream-  
less and everlasting sleep in the soil  
from which they sprang! Rest, brave  
and patriotic men; rest in the fair  
bosom of your native earth. You  
have earned it well, and all the honors  
your countrymen and women can be-  
stow. You gave all that mortal man  
can give in this world, life itself. You  
imitated the divine example in that  
you died for others. To-day we bless  
your memory and honor your deeds;  
a few days since we did honor to your  
ancestors' deeds done over one hun-  
dred and twelve years ago. Be it ours  
to emulate their bright example and  
yours, so that the race of heroes and  
patriots may never fail in this cradle  
of American liberty, Mecklenburg  
county, in North Carolina.

Notwithstanding the shortness of  
the peach crop Mr. J. Van Lindley  
has reaped a better revenue from his  
peaches this year than he did last  
year, realizing in one week \$200.00 on  
peaches shipped to Richmond, and  
obtaining for 1 crates \$2 to \$2.50, for  
which the price obtained last year was  
60 to 65 cents. For wild goose plums,  
8 pound baskets, the price obtained  
is \$1 to \$1.25. Mr. Lindley's plan is  
to have all defective fruit picked up  
and the worms destroyed as soon after  
the fruit falls as possible, because if  
the worms be permitted to take refuge  
in the ground, they multiply for future  
depravations. By the care thus early  
and promptly bestowed Mr. Lindley  
is enabled to have a greater abundance  
of fruit than any other grower of his  
section.

Good for Sam Jones.

If I wanted to get a good square  
judgment of something I had done, I  
had rather go to a newspaper office for  
it than any other court of justice. I  
know the justice of journals, their in-  
tegrity, and their purity of motives.  
I know that they probe into men's  
characters. No man whose character  
is pure need fear all the press in Amer-  
ica. The way to be safe from so-called  
newspaper attacks is to be a Christian.  
The reporters are the best detective  
force in the country. They have  
brought more criminals to justice and  
punished more sinners than all detec-  
tive agencies combined.

The Irish Post is worthy.

The wrath of John Boyle O'Reilly  
got the better of him when he heard  
of some New York Irishmen who had  
sent a jubilee telegram to the Queen  
and this outburst in the Pilot is the re-  
sult: "Boh!" This "royal woman"  
has simply been too dumb and stupid  
and indolent to be openly very faulty.  
Obese, pampered all her useless, slow-  
blooded life, she has suckled a horde  
of children as useless and as dull as  
herself, and that is her "great life-  
work." Shame on the Irishmen of  
New York!

Mrs. Gordon to be Heard From.

Gov. Gordon, of Georgia, received  
a very pretty note a few days ago  
from a young lady in Thomaston ask-  
ing for a lock of his hair. The Gov.  
felt rather dubiously among his gub-  
ernatorial locks, and finally wrote to the  
little miss that he had been married  
too long to be able to comply with  
her request, but would send a  
photograph instead. Mrs. Gordon is  
now to be heard from.—Ez.

Mr. Geo. W. Cable at Vanderbilt.

The sensation of last week in Nash-  
ville was Mr. George W. Cable's lit-  
erary address at the Commencement  
of Vanderbilt University. It was an  
impudent, graceful, silly, sprightly  
performance—if you will allow of  
such superabundant paradox. The  
race question was his topic, and he  
gave a medley of chop-logic, senti-  
mentality, and self-contradiction. He  
has got what he called "the New Eng-  
land idea" in his head, and is drifting  
farther and farther from us. Let  
him go.

Earthquake in New Hampshire.

CONCORD, N. H., June 30.—The  
most distinct shock of earthquake ever  
experienced here was felt at 5 o'clock  
this afternoon. There were several  
distinct vibrations, crockery and win-  
dows being rattled, and heavy build-  
ings perceptibly jarred. In some in-  
stances persons ran from their houses,  
through fear, and one shock at the  
State House was so severe that several  
legislators and others sought safety  
from impending danger in flight.

Too Much Fire.

A Paris actor, out of employment,  
said he played with such fire that the  
manager declared him dangerous to  
the theatre.

## TO TENNESSEE AFOOT.

A PEDESTRIAN TOUR THROUGH  
NORTH-WESTERN CAROLINA.

Entertaining Description of a Portion  
of Our State About Which Little Has  
Heretofore Been Written.

For the Sentinel.

BY PROF. L. E. WURRESCHKE.

PAPER NO. XI.

There he was picked up, some  
hours later, still unconscious, but  
strange to say, after a lengthy ail-  
ment he recovered and is living now.

A severe internal injury, from which  
he has been suffering ever since, is  
said to be a lasting consequence of  
his terrible experience on the Stone  
Mountain. The lady was less for-  
lunate. She began to roll on the  
bare rock, and those who saw her,  
said that she rolled "like a hoop."

Soon, of course, her descent became  
very swift, her body being pitched  
and bounding in leaps. For the last  
and steepest part she was pitched  
down through the very top of a large  
black gum tree. Her veil was found  
in the topmost branches of the tree,  
her body smashed to a mere pulpy  
mass below the tree.

The next day we made the ascent  
of the Stone Mountain. On the way  
we came to several most interest-  
ing and beautiful places which were  
pointed out to us by Squire  
Joyne's son, who kindly went with  
us. One remarkable point is the  
so-called Rock Spring house, a sort  
of small cave with narrow entrance  
but inside quite roomy, within the  
solid granite rock. Cold water comes  
trickling down from the roof and  
makes a clear spring from which we  
quenched our thirst.

Much more beautiful than this last  
named point, is the large waterfall  
not far to the east of the Stone  
Mountain. A large branch of  
Roaring River comes sliding down  
an immensely high and steep granite  
slope; it made me quite dizzy to  
watch the increasing and increasing  
velocity of the stream, as it went  
down its hard and smooth slide. Only  
from the East the Stone Mountain  
can be ascended. On the north side  
you see the Blue Ridge opposite, quite  
near, it almost looks as if a long  
suspension bridge might be stretched  
across. We should have had no full  
idea of the dangerous nature of the  
mountain had we not viewed it the  
day before from below. I felt quite  
relieved when we had left it behind.

I remember having, years ago,  
read in some leading publication a  
remark to the effect that the scenery  
around Trap Hill is unique and of  
unsurpassed grandeur. From my  
own inspection I can subscribe such  
statement. We now had to travel  
three miles to Trap Hill. These  
miles in the mountains, by the way,  
are altogether what a certain friend  
of mine would have called "a caution!"

They are cool-miles, as a  
would say here—that is, measured  
with a cool skin, and the tail always  
added in. A certain traveler in those  
parts used to say, that the miles  
were all right, but the "little over"  
which was generally added, that  
bothered him. At last we got to  
Trap Hill; a large building on a  
steep knoll—a former high school,  
once flourishing, now empty, and a  
couple of stores, with as many dwell-  
ing houses, that is all. We now  
bid good-bye to our very kind and  
friendly guide, the son of Squire  
Joyne, who had come with us as far  
as Trap Hill, which is his post-office.  
We shall certainly remember Squire  
Joyne and his son with affection  
and gratitude.

Another four miles, cool-skin  
miles, brought us to a house where  
we had stopped already on our up-  
journey, the house of Squire Phinley  
Gentry at the foot of the Blue Ridge  
near Roaring Gap. We this time  
entered the house from quite a differ-  
ent direction, coming to it through  
the orchard, from the back. But we  
felt quite at home and were received  
like old acquaintances. We were  
now four days' march from home.

On our further march we traveled  
the same road that we had come  
up, but a road nearer to the river,  
somewhat to the north of Elklin and  
further on quite in sight of Rock-  
ford. We stopped once more at our  
good friend's, Major Dick Reeves's,  
and the next day walked by way of  
Butler's store to the house of Joel  
Snyder.

Strange to say, the  
only time on our whole trip that we  
seriously missed the road, was on this  
last stage between Butler's store and  
Joel Snyder's. We had at last, with  
much inquiring, to steer across an  
unknown country until finally we  
struck the track of the new Mount  
Airy Railroad, which we followed  
till we were at our destination. I  
had planned to travel the last day's  
journey by the stage, if we should  
happen to meet on a stage-coach  
day. At last I began to feel heart-  
ily tired of the long marching, espe-  
cially through the hot plains which  
we had traveled for the last three

days. My son would gladly have  
marched on and on, but the state of  
his shoes put a decided stop to the  
idea of even a single day's more  
tramping. He would have had to  
go on the upper leathers—the soles  
being clean walked off. Our good  
fortune which had accompanied us  
all through this delightful trip of  
twenty-seven days deserted us not  
on this, our last. It was a stage day,  
and we became the sole two passen-  
gers that afternoon for Salem. We  
reckoned up all our marching for  
the trip, and found that we must  
have each marched little, if any short  
of 250 miles. We had a delight-  
ful and pleasant ride home. A few  
little tricks, bought, as we passed  
through Winston from the cheap  
Jack store—pleased the two dear  
little ones at home as much as if we  
had carried them all the way from  
Tennessee. *Ainsi va le monde!*

WASHINGTON WRIT.

Government Cleanings and General  
Gossip from the National Capital.

Special Correspondence of The Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, July 4th, 1887.—

It is not positively known, but the  
prevailing opinion is that the Presi-  
dent will call the newly elected 50th  
Congress in extra session about Oc-  
tober 1st, to deal with that momen-  
tous question, the already immense  
and rapidly accumulating treasury  
surplus. A number of leading Demo-  
crats are now here discussing the  
advisability of such a proceeding.

The currency of the country is being  
looked up in the treasury vaults  
here at the rate of \$10,000,000 per  
month and unless remedial legisla-  
tion is effected, and effected soon,  
there is bound to be a financial panic.

Should one come, the administration  
would be held responsible and it  
would materially damage our pros-  
pects next year. I think an extra  
session will be called.

One of "the great Metropolitan  
dailies," the Washington National  
Republican, on the morning of the  
anniversary of the occasion of Queen  
Victoria to the throne of England  
(June 21), in an editorial "leader,"  
used these words, in recounting the  
march of civilization and progress  
during her reign: "The first steamer  
crossed the Atlantic ocean the first  
year of Victoria's reign, and the  
first railroad was built in England."

Well, now; when it is just as  
handy, it is just as well to be correct  
about these little matters. The first  
steamer did not cross the Atlantic  
during Victoria's reign, but 17 years  
previously. The steamship Savan-  
nah, built in Savannah, and com-  
manded by an American skipper,  
crossed the Atlantic in 1819, and  
before Victoria ascended the throne  
arrangements had been perfected for  
establishing regular lines of steamers  
between New York and Liverpool.

The first railroad was not built  
in England during Victoria's reign.  
She became queen, June 21, 1837.  
The Liverpool and Manchester rail-  
way was in successful operation as  
early as 1830; and a locomotive en-  
gine, built by the late Peter Cooper,  
carried passengers from Baltimore  
to Elliott's mills, near Washington,  
at the rate of eighteen miles an hour,  
the same year; a daily train was  
running between Albany and Schen-  
ectady, N. Y., in 1831, and in '32  
locomotives ran over that road at  
the rate of thirty miles an hour;

and long before Victoria became  
queen regular passenger trains were  
running between this city and Balti-  
more.

The editor of the Republican had  
better study history a little. It is all  
right to sing praises where praises  
are due—a rendering unto Caesar  
is all very well and proper, but at  
the same time some regard for the  
truths of history should be shown.

The impression still prevails here  
that Secretary Lamar will go on the  
U. S. Supreme Court bench, and  
during the past week several papers  
published the statement that Sen-  
ator Ransom might succeed him as  
Secretary of the interior. Sen. Ran-  
som says he knows absolutely nothing  
about such a contingency, and that  
the subject has never been men-  
tioned to him by the President nor  
by any member of his administration.  
There is probably no truth in the  
report.

It is now thought that Senator  
Calhoun will be appointed to Sec-  
retary Lamar's place in the cabinet.

Who are to be the gubernatorial  
candidates in North Carolina next  
year is a question which no one  
appears to be able to satisfactorily  
answer. Prominent Tarheel visitors  
at Washington have suggested the  
names of Minister Jarvis, Lieut-  
Governor Steadman, Gen. W. R.  
Cox, Judge Walter Clark, Colonels  
Oct. Coke and Thos. M. Holt, and  
others, on the Democratic side, and  
Mr. Richmond Pearson is frequently  
named as the possible Republican or  
anti-Democratic. IMPRIMATUR.

## A VISIT TO OLD SALEM.

REV. DR. J. E. EDWARDS WRITES  
OF OTHER DAYS.

How Things Look After a Lapse of  
Half a Century. Dr. Edwards's Wife  
Educated here.

Dr. John E. Edwards in Raleigh Advocate.

In response to an invitation, con-  
veyed to me in polite and flattering  
phrase, I consented somewhat hesitat-  
ingly, to deliver the Baccalaureate  
sermon at the late commencement,  
connected with the closing exercises  
of the old Salem Academy. The  
line of travel from Danville, Va., to  
Salem, N. C., carried me through  
Greensboro, and just beyond Greens-  
boro, on the Winston branch of the  
road, I passed within less than a  
mile of my birth place; and yet a  
little farther on through lands owned  
by my father in my early boy-  
hood, and within the distance of a  
single mile of the old "New Garden  
Quaker Meeting House" where I  
went to school for several years pre-  
ceding my entrance on the ministry.  
The line of railroad between Greens-  
boro and Salem lies right along  
through the woods, and through the  
little farms, and across the brooks  
and branches, and by the houses—  
indeed any of them remain—that  
were most familiar to me when a  
boy.

OLD DAYS.

There was not an old field in  
which I had not hunted rabbits; not  
a branch or little creek in which I  
had not cast a line; not a stretch of  
forest in which I had not shot a  
squirrel; not a road or by path over  
which I had not passed a hundred  
times; and yet with the aid of all  
imagination could do, it was not  
possible for me to recognize a single  
object that was a familiar face.

There was no trace of "Clemmon's  
Store," where I used to go on elec-  
tion days; nothing to remind me of  
"Dobson's Cross Roads; no sign of  
the road to "Gordon's Mill," on  
Deep river." A thousand memories  
stirred my mind and heart, but not  
a solitary object met my inquiring  
eye, as I peered through the window  
of the flying car, that was any more  
familiar to me than the ordinary  
succession of objects on the line of rail-  
road through any of the adjoining  
States, having a similar topography.

I really felt as though I were a  
stranger in a strange land. All  
this may seem incredible to the  
reader and yet it is a veritable fact.  
Fifty years have wrought wonderful  
changes in the face of the country as  
seen from the window of a railroad  
car.

A CHANGE.

The tantalizing monotony of a  
fruitless line of inquiry was broken  
by an inquiry addressed to me by a  
stranger, who approached me in a  
frank, genial sort of way: "Is  
not this Dr. Edwards, of Virginia?"

"It is," was my reply. He then  
went on to say that he had not seen  
me for forty years, but hearing that  
I was probably on my way to Salem,  
he had been looking through the  
cars for me, and that he recog-  
nized me on sight. This led to a  
pleasant conversation which contin-  
ued till the train came to a halt at  
Winston station. Here I was met  
by Dr. Rondthaler, whose hospitali-  
ties I was to share during my stay  
in Salem.

AN AFTERNOON DRIVE.

After refreshment and a little  
rest, through the kindness of "mine  
host," I was favored with the pleas-  
ure of a drive through the wonder-  
fully thrifty and growing town of  
Winston. What was woods and  
cultivated fields only a few years  
ago is now the seat of a prosperous  
town, with its graded streets, large  
warehouses, hotels, elegant school  
buildings, fine churches, and beauti-  
ful residences surrounded with taste-  
ful grounds. After a few turns,  
calling here and there, we stopped  
at the parsonage of the pastor of the  
new Methodist Church. Through  
the courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Burk-  
head we were shown through the  
church. The external architectural  
presentation of the building is im-  
posing. It has the elevation, design  
and workmanship that combine with  
its lofty tower and steeple, and with  
the extent of space occupied by the  
cliff as a whole, in giving to it a  
decidedly fine effect. The interior  
arrangements, including the lecture  
room, with its adaptations to Sunday  
School purposes, together with the  
spacious auditorium with its conven-  
ient portals of entrance, spacious  
aisles, pulpit, furniture, etc., are all  
in good proportion, and above any-  
thing less than captions criticism.

THE COMMENCEMENT.